AMERICA JUST FORGETS ABOUT ITS DERELICTS

trashcan lives; Charles Bukowski.

the wind blows hard tonight and it’s a cold wind
and I think about the boys on the row.
I hope some of them have a bottle of red.
it’s when you’re on the row that you notice that
everything is owned and that there are locks on everything.

this is the way a democracy works: you get what you can,
try to keep that and add to it if possible.
this is the way a dictatorship works too
only they either enslave or destroy their derelicts.
we[American's] just forget ours.
in either case, it’s a hard cold wind.